

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE;
 OR,
New Dramatic Censor;
 CONSISTING OF
 ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS.
CRITICISMS
 ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:
 ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
 &c. &c. &c.

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Embellished with elegantly engraved Portraits of

Mr. M A T H E W S,
In his various Characters in ‘A Trip to America.’

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAMLET'S *Sketch* has been received : we must refer him to "*Icynthe*," in a contemporary work, for the original of his lines. It may be only

A strange coincidence—(to use a phrase

By which such things are settled now-a-days).

A. C. on the English Tragic Poets will appear—*chacun aura son tour*.

The Fatal Banquet, by ANTONIO ; C. M. C. and PHILIP, as early as our space will permit.

DOCTOR SYNTAX, positively in our next.

THE DIORAMA.

This interesting exhibition continues to attract a crowd of fashionable visitors. It is the most complete pictorial allusion we have witnessed for some years. Of the two scenes already presented to the public, the view of *Trinity Chapel*, in Canterbury Cathedral, is perhaps the most perfect, as regards the uniformity of the painting. The chastened contrast of light and shade over the scene, is exquisitely shewn ; and the grandeur of the outline is only equalled by the fulness and reality of its colouring. The ascent of steps in the front of the picture, is rendered still more powerful by the reclining figures of two men, who are asleep, and whom, after wandering upon some other part of the scene, the eye is almost startled at finding in the same position. But the other picture, the *Valley of Sarren*, in our estimation at least, possesses even superior interest. There is a spirit of touching melancholy conveyed upon the senses, which the vast column, and the marbled arch, the work of mortality could never awaken. The pulse stops for a moment—we "breathe ethereal air"—the freshness of the mountains comes upon us, like a reviving wave in the noon of summer—we recognise the freedom of our domain, and every one fancies himself the lord of it—

we have no communion with a living being, but discourse with the spirit of the place—it is then that we feel the entire burden of our accompanying reality, and desire to become a part of the unclogged essence of some other being. It must have been in such a spot, and with such a feeling, that Manfred was made to utter that simple but beautiful apostrophe—

"Oh, that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying

With the blest tone which made me !"

In the silence and reflection of the scene, we cannot think ourselves so near the mansions of a smoke-enveloped city, and in the centre of a very spacious building prepared for the illusion—until the ringing of a bell for a change of exhibition recalls us from our wildering, and brings down the unfaithful avalanche of excitement. The brightening of a lake, and the hills beyond it, produce a fine effect, which would however be increased by a gradual dispersing and gathering of clouds over the fore-ground, whose natural adherence to *place* half destroys the spell, in discovering the picture.

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
 OR,
 NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
 To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
 And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 16.] MONDAY, MAR. 29, 1824. [Vol. IV.

MR. MATHEWS.

It has again become our pleasing task to refer to the labours of this Hogarth of our stage, a biography of whom has appeared in a preceding number; but the new performances of Mr. MATHEWS call for a new portrait, and a new notice; for with him variability conveys more of change than may be imagined, and a difference of dress constitutes in fact another being.

We know not where to find, in looking round the limits of visible extent, (or indeed invisible, for we cannot imagine) an actor more eminently gifted, or more industriously useful, than is the subject of our present remarks. The genius and efforts of Mr. MATHEWS, as they are now directed, differ essentially from the known and local talent of other comedians, of whom we think the age may boast a large and extending share, for low comedians spring up like mushrooms. Mr. M. is not at least in the predicament of his brethren of the sock; he is not the puppet of the author, being as it were his own inventor and his own origine, he is all in all. His capacity is comprehensive, and its development is unremitting. He is not grafted on one particular soil, and limited to one particular influence upon

our faculties—sent forth with certain words "learned and conned by rote," to cheat us of our discernment by an artificial enjoyment—he is what he represents, whether it be *Major Longbow*, or the *German American Judge*—we see and recognize such an individual with such particulars, and we do not doubt his identity, because we believe in his reality. With MATHEWS nothing is fictitious; because every thing is plausible—we may have caricature, but there is the actual existence of something splendidly caparisoned, and made more interesting by arraying its actuality in fiction. MATHEWS is the *very alpha and omega*—he is not the mere wandering, half stupid, half philosophic tourist, who travels from ennui, interest, or fashion; nor is he the painter who sketches out with fidelity and exactness the resemblances of the day, but who cannot pencil the living manners—who perpetuates the apparent substance of form, with a shadow of the breathing mind—he is the being of his own representation—he sees and he describes, yet not in a ponderous quarto, or a painted figure—he *shows* us what he has observed, and bids it live again in all its ancient freshness and unpictured vitality.

ity. Men travel, and come back again, improved perhaps as to their own capability and experience, but utterly unable to impart it to another; the advantage may be a purifying lake to the dry and sandy banks of their own intellect, but it is no fountain. Mr. M.'s genius partakes of a higher principle. He paces the earth, and his critic-like and accumulating eye gathers the little departures of mortality from the given track into its coffer of observation, and then dispenses them abroad as treasure to the discriminating. He surveys the fallen leaves of humanity, but admires the consistency and the security of the plant. He invigorates while he refreshes; though there may be some who conceive MATHEWS to be the mere agitator of the magical wire—a master in the dramatic galvanism of the day; if so, he is but little distinguished from his contemporaries, who may possess equal control over the indulgence of the senses: but the truth is, MATHEWS is an acute and unwearied observer of the laws, feelings, properties, and propensities of the world. He disposes and directs his capacity to its proper sphere and dominion—surveying the machinery of life, and comprehending its construction. If we consider him in the ostensible character of his professional pretensions, we regard him as the mere comic actor, who can “partake his jest with boasting boys”—but the exertions and power of MATHEWS entitle him to a far higher estimation—he is a living portrait of the times, and that, as things are, is saying much more for him.

We have hitherto alluded to him chiefly as it regards his peculiar performances in his “*At Home*,” at the *English Opera House*. He is here, as he ought to be, depending solely upon his own unlimited resources; he needs little co-operation with inferior spirits, but performs his great task of lopping off the excrescences of our nature, without aid from circumstance, or remission of intellectual, and we should add, of physical toil.

But in the department of the *Drama* in which is his peculiar line (if he has any line), the principle of his labours may be far more readily acknowledged, and more generally understood. Here the whole talent of the performer is directed to and embodied in one point, where the effect must be commensurate with the means; but where a variety of minute sketches, and unfinished features, are invested with “thick rotundity,” and animation, men might almost “lift their hand, and cry,—a prodigy!” but the sceptical doubts, and marvelling surmises have all subsided; the transition of character excites only merriment, for others can effect it as well—(it is the crime of the day that almost every man should have five or six characters in his little scene of existence,) but in MATHEWS this is not vivacity only, it is the excitement and rapidity of mind and discrimination, contending with the quick distinction and variation of life, and probing every gradation of society to discover its disease.

His *Mingle*, in the *Beehive*, *Goldfinch*, and *Sharp*, are, we might say, *unequalled* pieces of acting—(we have never liked the phrase since it has become threadbare in the eulogy of blacking). His *Monsieur Morbleau* is, perhaps, the happiest, as it has been the greatest, of his later performances, and is one of the most finished representations on the stage. But we have before spoken at length upon the exquisite talents of Mr. M. and their very proper exercise, and devotion to the employment of awakening the mind, as well as delighting the faculties—and indeed the first bears off a very ample portion of acquirement and profit. Indeed his vivacity partakes perhaps too much of the quicksilver property, which has formed its distinguishing badge; nevertheless, it is always effective, and often distinct. MATHEWS may soften down the ruggedness and obduracy of the heart, but we can never accuse him of tempering its risibilities.

MINOR-IES, No. 9.

Mr. ELLIOT.

"A thin, spare form, something above the common size."

Sentimental Journey.

It is sickening for a young and generous mind to contemplate the different modes, fashions, and deceits of this hour of breath; to see bold-faced impudence, edge blushing merit into a corner, or trip the heels of a more sturdy compeito, and spring upon his back for an elevation. Where there are not these inclinations in *actual* employ, we may trace them in principle, and can pretty well judge of the glossy smirking actor at the float, subsiding into the petty, barnless, arbitrary acting-manager, domineers over some poor devil of a scene-shifter, or chairwoman, upon gaining the first entrance; he drops the sunny mask, and is the rapid bully, the buskinned Dionysius; the managerial Ali Pacha. Such a thing it is our delight to scourge, to "lay knives under his pillow," if they can be honestly manufactured. Mr. ELLIOT was acting-manager at Sadler's-Wells, and indulged in all the "vain pomp and glory" of the elevation! he could duck to the audience till his forehead kissed the lamp-glass, and we have heard his lungs behind the scenes in all the liberal fulmination, so conspicuously an A. M's.

As an actor he is every thing, without being any thing! and would, we have no doubt, "TO OBLIGE THE PROPRIETOR," go on for *Tom Thumb*, at a crisis, or *Chimpanzee*, (his *par excellence*.) He is of much utility to any minor theatre as a double, or a man for exigence: we might contrive to bear his acting *after an apology*. His melodrama is an odd mixture of froth and vapour; nothing annoys us more than to hear him indulge in sentiment; it is too satiric, we could sooner hear tropes of "feminine loveliness," manly magnanimity," and "generous feeling" taunted by Billy Waters, could his

resuscitation be possible, than ELLIOT mouthing words to that effect, it make us sigh at the hypocrisy of human nature: for instance, a man ranting you out a flaming sentence of "benevolence and philanthropy," who would forfeit a poor figure-dancer for looking sorrowful on the stage, when at the same time the mourner may be visited by the sore-throat or belly-ache; yet we do know such a MAN, and can vouch for the truth of our assertion. When we quote these things, it is to shew that petty actions, and mean efforts, take generally their origin from beings of the third or fourth class, and not from first rate genius. TOM DIDDIN says "the world's a crockery-shop," if so, should we be asked to name the piece of delf which Mr. ELLIOT represents on the earth's shelf, we should answer any "proprietor's" WASH HAND BASIN.

His acting is servile, rank, and uneducated! his comedy impudent; his *tragedy* worse! and when he appears with well-dressed caput, white coat, and duck-trowsers, *a la Cosaque*, he reminds one of a gentleman made by GRIMALDI, every part claiming a distinct owner. His *Tom*, in that vile abortion of "*Life in London*"—that "maggot" from the "dead dog," (the grand student of black eyes and bloody noses,) was particularly ridiculous; his bust was from the window of a fashionable barber's, fitted on the body and legs of a Bagnigge-wells apprentice. Mr. ELLIOT also indulges on the stage in wit, which is not entirely useless, for it serves to shew how far a man may make himself contemptible in the wish to appear talented. α.

Mrs. STANLEY of the Coburg, in our next.

Literary Review.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.
A Comedy, with Song, by CROLY.

Were we to choose our own destinies, were we capable of receiving from Providence any of its gifts,

we would not say—make us rich—make us talented; but, make us fortunate: luck brings every thing, stupifies the rest of the world, distracts and deceives their vision, makes them believe they are blinded by the rays of a peacock, when in fact they are nothing but the grey, dirty feathers of the owl. So with this "*Pride will have a Fall*," which is pretty enough; some of the sentiments might suit "Goldsmith's wives" for the "pose; of a ring"—or subject for a sampler; but the Muse throughout is nothing but a very genteel boarding-school lady: whereas, she has been presented by Mr. Jordan, particularly, as being "a most astonishing creature;" all her different sayings are headed in the *Literary Gazette* with that benevolent spirit of communication which has actuated the keepers of an inn, in Piccadilly, to place a label to their sign, signifying, "I am the original bear"—we do not know who would contest the appellation, certainly

"*Pride shall have a Fall*," is too CELESTIAL. Mr. Croly is a second *Munchausen*, and takes most adventurous journeys to the moon; we wish he would also curb his "frisking stars" and "runaway comets," for the latter may set the world on fire, in the opinion of some of his commentators, as the present gambolings of the heavenly bodies and the signs of the zodiac have given so much praise for their present exertions. Half a dozen lines form a very pretty country dance of blank verse—"The sun" leads off "the moon," which changes partners with "a star," cross hands with "an evening zephyr," and change again taking in "a dew-lit daisy," a "hive of honey," two or three "silver lutes," and an "echo," nearly as good as new. But the *Literary Gazette* says "it stands higher for literary talent, for ster-

ling composition, and for witty language, than any play within our recollection" Mr. Jerdan, *Quel âge avez vous*—of course you had not come to "years of discretion" when *John Bull* was played. But we will just dispatch the wit of this piece: still, be it remembered, it possesses some point,—

WIT.

Major. Now for a cannon.

Comet. Cannon!—you always fire GREAT GUNS!

Major. I only drew for quiet sake—Tavern! We shall all be taken for tavern-drawers.

Major. The veteran grocer did not like the green recruit.

Comet. The Green! how superb—the Major's from the *Emerald Isle*.

Major. A compound of—

Comet. Her old father's cellars.

Colonel. A claret complexion.

Major. BLUE RUIN lips!

Having taken an indiscriminate bunch of "wit" from the field of intellect, we will proceed to—

BIRTH.

'Tis true, I should have learned humilitY:

True, I'm nothing; nothing have—but hope!

I have no ancient birth,—no hereditary:—

No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield;

I cheat no rabble like your Charlatans,

By flinging dead men's dust in idiots' eyes;

I work no miracle with buried bones;

I belt no broken and distemper'd shape

With shrivell'd parchments pluck'd from mouldy shelves;

Yet, if I stoop'd to talk of ancestry, I had an ancestor, as old and noble

As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam.

This is the best speech in the Play.—Now for

GRACE.

'Tis an enchanted vision ! Ha ! she comes—
There's music in her motion. All the air,
Dances round her. Venus ! There's a foot,
So light and delicate, that it should tread
Only on *flowers*, which, amorous of its touch,
Should sigh their souls out, proud of such sweet death.

Now this is quoted as extremely beautiful ; something out of the common way ! and assuredly it is ; for we never heard of *flowers*' immortality before, if we except the bill of a perfumer, where "*divine lavender*" is enumerated.

A SERENADER.

Come, wake my lady from the honied sleep,
That sits upon her eyes like dew drops on *flowers* ;
Our song shall be the sun that dries it off.

Ser. There's light in the chamber.

Tor.

Let the silver lute
Not softer than my love, tell of my love :

Then fill the winds of night with harmonies

Solemn as incense, sweet as zephyr' wing

New wet from rosebuds, to petition her

That she would stoop,—an empress—
—from her throne,

And listen to the suit of my true love

More *flowers* ! Covent-Garden Market in the month of May is barren, compared to this ! will you take another bunch ? This is headed in the *Literary Gazette* "Detection," why, we know not ; however, we will make use of it, you may "wear it with a difference,

DETECTION.

Then, serenades farewell ;
Love-speeches by the moonlight,
and sweet dreams

For convent bars and bolts, vespers
and veils,

Till hope of Beauty, like twin *flowers*
decay,

For want of cherishing.

We quote this from "*Curiosity*," which is "*Queen Mab*" tolerably parodied—

CURIOSITY.

Telling delicious tales of—lovers
lost,

Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smug-
led lace,

The hundredth Novel of the Great
Unknown !

"The Great Unknown," and
"blue ruin," in Sicily ! and yet
this play is lauded and hailed as a
bright return of genuine comedy.

The *Literary Gazette*, which
would, had the author been one of
the opposition, have seized their
ridiculous errors as a matter suffi-
cient alone to crush its victim,
passes them over, "spreading
honey on the page," and inging
every change of commendation
upon it, but no better than a
farce in blank verse ; and an epi-
tome of botany and astronomy.
Fielding has said in *Tom Thumb*
"Liberty the mustard is of life."
Mr. CROLY, in order to contribute
something to the few of existence,
says "Curiosity is the salt of the
earth. α.

MISS PATON & LORD LENNOX.

Miss PATON has been for some
months persecuted by Lord Len-
nox's addresses, which, as they be-
gan to assume a complexion not at
all matrimonial, were rejected with
very becoming indignation. His
Lordship received notice that his
visits would be dispensed with, and
accordingly he found it necessary to
seek other opportunities of display.

ing his importunities than those which the young lady's lodgings afforded. The theatre presented him with a means of refreshing the young lady's memory, and knowing that she was to sing there, his lordship, who has the privilege of visiting the green-room went behind the scenes, where he presented himself to her at those times when it was impossible for her to avoid him.

Under these circumstances it became necessary for the lady to look for some protector. A gentleman who ranks very high as an artist, and had been long intimate in the family, offered his services, and proposed to accompany her to the theatre, and to interfere should his lordship use any of his customary importunities, or other offensive address. They had scarcely entered when his Lordship, who was lying in wait behind a scene, approached her with the most amiable squint in the world, laid his hands gently, but affectionately on her person, and had just begun to suit the word to the action, when he received a most vulgar and levelling knock on the side of the head. He was stunned by the blow, and dropt all thought of provoking another by a repetition of the act, or expression to which he owed his fall. He found a gentleman's card in his hand, but hearing that it contained the address of a half-pay Captain, his lordship tore it in pieces, and left the theatre without condescending to notice the lady or the gentleman. The circumstance was soon well known to all the performers, and it was seen next night that the insult received by his Lordship was not at all palatable to the proprietors of the theatre. An interdict was issued against the admission of the assailant at the stage door; but he placed himself in the orchestra, resolved to manifest to his lordship his intention of putting a period to his Lordship's passion. He had not sat long when, the attention of

several persons in the house was directed to him by the Noble Lord, whom he recognized in a box just above the place in which he sat, amongst several gentlemen of rank. The leader of the band, perceiving that something disagreeable was likely to occur, requested that no person except those employed in the theatre would remain in the orchestra. The authority of the lady was immediately mentioned, as an excuse for the intrusion, and soon afterwards, a message, desiring that the orchestra should be cleared of all persons not included in the leader's list, was received. This peremptory order was obeyed. The gentleman, on whose account it had been made, perceived that his Lordship had left his box, and naturally inferred that the Noble Lord resorted to this expedient, either as the most honourable or the most convenient vengeance. Just as he had reached a few steps which lead from the orchestra to the stage, he received a blow in the small of the back, from a person who had stationed himself in a place favourable to the exercise of cautious resentment. He recovered himself, and turning round saw his Lordship in an attitude the most inviting to a person who was disposed to do things in "an off hand way." He immediately let fly his fist at his lordship's front, which upon receiving a few lively visitations of the kind, became quite unfit for exhibition, either before or behind the scenes. The contest was soon at an end, and the lady has thus been deprived of a very ardent lover.

Report says that the Commander-in-Chief has received some intimation of the circumstances and expressed his intention to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the British Officer who first insulted a female, and then tore the card of the gentleman who stood forward as her protector.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY-LANE.

March, 8th, *Merry Wives of Windsor* Tekeli.—9th, *Merry Wives, Tekeli.*—11th, *Hawlet, Tekeli.*—13th, *Merry Wives, Tekeli.*—15th, *Merchant of Venice, Tekeli.*—16th, *Merry Wives, Tekeli.*—18th, *Macbeth, Spanish Gallants, Deaf as a Post.*—20th, *Merry Wives, Ballet, Killing no Murder.*—22nd, *Richard 3rd, Tekeli.*—23rd, *Merry Wives, Tekeli.*—25th, *Macbeth, Tekeli.*—27th, *Merry Wives, Deaf as a Post, Spanish Gallants.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

KEAN's appearances, like the visits of angels, are "few and far between," a full house attended his performance of *Shylock*, it is, we had almost said, the finest of his efforts; its association, with the earliest ebullition of its genius, is sufficient, with the votaries of what is called first impression, to stamp it as the finest! nevertheless it has beauties of the most impetive claim, and may rank with any effort of the day. In *Shylock* there is no gradual unfolding of principal from progressive incident—he is not a moth to flutter round the flame of the time, save as he can gild his wing with stolen wealth—he is not heated or chilled by accident, but as it results from the exercise of his intention—he is the same being in the first as in the last scene—his passions and purposes are the same—his hard impenitent vigour is the endowment of a natural bias, and is not worn by habit, nor quenched in the effervescence of defeated malice. KEAN, as has been frequently remarked, is of all others the actor of impulse, and is consequently less qualified for the crafty, deliberating, but still short-sighted Jew: he excels most where the stormy passions are called up by a quickning ambition, and where gathering voices instigate him to action; in *Shylock* there is but one,—the "current of his cruelty" rolls on, strengthened, rather than checked by the obtrusion of thought. We cannot form a character more distinctly opposite to this than *Richard* though they both revel, but with different incentives, in the promptings of an innate malignity. The scene with *Tubal*, as it affords perhaps most scope to the actor, was the finest passage of the piece. The quick transition from the

miseries of the forsaken father, or rather of the robbed usurer, to the exultation of the insulted Hebrew, in the prospect of exacting the forfeiture, and in the ecstasy of revenge, were given with great effect; and KEAN's delivery of the line, "nor no ill-luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders," is in exquisite keeping with the character. The trial scene was finely played, and his forced compliance with the decree of the pretended judge "pay the bond thrice and let the christian go" was uttered with all the reluctance of a man, who cannot retain his grasp, and is yet unwilling to loose his victim, whose "jesses as his dear heart-strings." LISTON has returned to the "second part" of his engagement, and played *Launcelot*, with his usual influence upon the risible faculties. WALLACK is a sufficient representative of *Bassanio*; but we do not admire the *Gratiano*, of Mr. BROWN, "he is too picked, too affected, too old." Mrs. WEST's *Portia* wants dignity! either the actress must err; or *Bassanio* romance, when he says, that she is

"— nothing undervalued
"To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia."—
Mrs. W. renders her a mere trifler.

TEKELI.

The revival of this melo-drame excites "no great stir on earth!" whether, in the natural course of things, it is condemned to "revisit thus the glimpses of the moon," or whether the coming of its compiler on the great stage of the world, in his *sayings and doings*, may not have brushed away the mould of time, and invested it with a fragrant quality, we know not; but the piece has been already immortalized in the enrolment of its name in the *English Bards* of LORD BYRON, who justly satirizes the thing, and

thought it of sufficient importance to characterize the absurdities of the day; barrels and flour-sacks, as starting holes for disguised princes, are certainly the very antipodes of that gay enthusiasm, and romantic daring, without which melo-drama is but an every-day tale; the ardent spell is dissolved, and we see through the curtain; we feel as one wandering among the fastnesses of nature, and looking down on olive woods, and leaping rivers, called suddenly to the busy animation of slippery streets, and profit-seeking voices, who could throb for a hero, consenting to such an overthrow of his nobility? PENLEY is the very actor for a being like *Tekeli*: it is the first time that his mawkishness has been properly directed. The piece, however, comprises much of the strength of the company. — TERRY as the *Old Miller*, pronounced two or three loyal scraps in a most awakening tone; and yet it has been said that actors do not feel what they utter. BROWNE as *Maurice*, and HARLEY as *Bras-de-fer*, had but little to do, and even that was dull. *Wolf*, the companion and preserver of *Tekeli*, was well played by WALLACK; and KNIGHT, as the rustic bridegroom, was all that he has ever been, who ever asked for more? there was a simple ditty by Miss CUBITT, which obtained an *encore*; and

Miss SMITHSON in *Alexina*, as the representative of Miss L. KELLY, wore a superb helmet. The last act of this piece is replete with the most alarming bustle, aided by every note of noise, from the squeak of a weasel, to the peal of a thunder cloud! we should advise those who have "ears to hear," to leave the house at the end of the second act, particularly as the last scene is very badly managed, and as the "stud" have attained the very climax of annoyance.

SPANISH GALLANTS.

The lovers of the the *Ballet* have been furnished with a treat of no inconsiderable kind, though for ourselves, a mere taste of these things is all we require. *Spanish Gallants*, however, has been extremely well received, and is certainly sufficiently amusing in its way to become a favourite. The groupings are well managed, and the story, which turns upon the adventures of two gallants, in endeavouring to obtain their mistresses, and the airs of a conceited rival, *Don Pomposo*, if not very new, is at last rendered agreeable by the Nobles and Oscar Byrnes, who attack their influence to the scale of its attraction. Some *pas de deux* were executed by these dancers, in a style far superior to any thing we have been accustomed to see upon the English Stage.

COVENT-GARDEN.

March 8th, *Hamlet*, *Midas*.—9th, *Native Land*, *Miller and his Men*.—11th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Pouchers*.—12th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Midas*.—15th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Pantomime*.—16th, *Native Land*, *Miller's Maid*.—18th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Midas*.—20th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Clari*.—22nd, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Pantomime*.—23rd, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Midas*. 25th, *Cabinet*, *Simpson*, & Co.—27th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Clari*.

HAMLET.

Our limits prevent us from going into an analysis of the great merits of Mr. KEMBLE'S *Ham-*

let, it was a most efficient and classical performance, and we shall take the earliest opportunity to in-

dulge at full upon its beauties. BENNET presented us a better *Horatio* than we have had some time, but ABBOT as *Laertes* used Shakspeare as a gargle ; the rattles in his throat were, to us, most excruciating. EGERTON plays the *Ghost* with more flesh than spirit.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

Party feeling is the most liberal and persecuting, the most magnanimous and contemptible in its judgment, of any motive in this world of words. "*Pride shall have a Fall*" is fortunate in having for its patron Mr. CANNING, consequently written by a sound man, one who dares approach within the awful precincts of courtly criticism, and meets with a helping and conciliating shake of the hand, a kind charity for a few errors, concomitant with ardent genius, and is (if at all) touched by a very gentle application of the flesh-brush, more than repaid by an after-rubbing down by velvet ; he is at the summing up, dubbed as a personage of great talent on the score of party, when another man, villainous from opposition, is pulled to pieces with merciless and fiend-like avidity ! scouted as a caiff, insulting common sense, and violating plain reason, though he be, compared to the loyal wight, "*Hyperion to a Satyr.*" This is the case with "*Pride shall have a Fall*," which in itself possesses some pretty little figures of "moons," "stars," "dewlit-buttercups" and "harmonious zephehrs," wittily relieved by the humorous mention of "blue-ruin" "sheriff's officers" and the motto of an English Newspaper, and all this is in Sicily : really the bussars of that country, are men of deep research and punctilious acumen ; they have the faculty of presenting Pall-Mall, and one of the "Hells" hereabouts, adorning with as

great a nicety and aptitude as that Doctor Johnson of the the prize-ring, Pierce Egan. We were surprised that *Lorenzo* was not "fly" to his mistress, and up to her "patter" about fidelity ; surely the author was not "awake" to "let a chance go by him" of thus further ornamenting Sicilian, his course with cockney allusion.

The Plot is easily told, and of every day occurrence ; namely, a lady falling in love with a gentleman, which gentleman goes to the wars "enacting more wonders than a man ;" returns, and expecting to pur up the bans, is desired by the parents of the young lady, who have since become wealthy, and of course more susceptible of hereldry and rent-rolls, telling the anticipating lover to think no more of his heart's elected ;—well, revenge is a magnanimous passion, and it even actuates *Lorenzo* to seek a fellow of out of a jail, to imitate a nobleman. (We do not see why there should have been this mockery, as our every-day observance assures us that the real titled thing may be had from a similar cage) to make love to the girl, and to wed her, wed her to whom he has sworn in the most precious moments of existence, eternal tenderness and heart-last, ing affection.

This is the only question debated through five tedious acts : the assumption of a title is as old and as threadbare on the stage, as the disgracing it in real life. The denoument is feeble, improbable, ridiculous ! The music is, without any exception, common-place, and drawing :—we suspect there has been some pilfering from the organist's book of a Methodist chapel.

Mr. C. KEMBLE played *Lorenzo* for the first night, but afterwards relinquished him as bad company ;

we must, however, say that he tried to make him as agreeable and feeling as a gentleman in regimentals, and wearing a long sabre should be. JONES personates *Toronto* with his general vivacity, and eternal mutability of tone and manner; his mock dignity, and the cool and well-satisfied air with which he enters on his new title of Prince, shew that there is more potentiality in superfine habiliments than is generally imagined! JONES acted as though the feathers and embroidery had communicated their fashion to his inward man, and his opinions had become court-cut, and made to order. His oration in the prison was pointed and effective; but still the satire on the radical coffee-vending HUNT, by the Neapolitan, is mis-placed and out of character. FARREN, as *Count Ventoso* has nothing to do, but to tickle a moment against the dicta of his "lady intellectuals" and invariably to fall into the hey of acquiescence; this he did with as much talent as could be heaped into the confined measure, even to overflowing; and his rebellious side-speeches against the tyranny of the "General's General," were pithy and effective, something too frequent, but all men have a favourite topic to support or condemn; and Mr. CROLEY may have a natural sneer at it "connubial kiss." YATES played *Count Carmine*, a Sicilian Count, BROWN or JONES, English hussars;—a soldier imitating a terrier-cut poodle-fashion, a moveable bottle of soda-water; shook a moment by his comrades, and ending in a "pop, pop," harmless as worthless, one who carries a looking-glass in his hat, without any reflection in his head—just one as those fellows which *Flexible* deems necessary to make good company, the buz of a wasp without its sting. This com-

bination of *inhuman* qualities YATES deals forth with great truth and severity. His majesty King George IV. has many *Count Carmines*. CONNOR plays an Irish Major, with all the stormy coolness of the western Islander; we do not see the occasion for the introduction of an Irishman here: Mr. COLEY should remember the foreign enlistment bill: an Esquemaux would have been new, and would have afforded an opportunity of shewing his aquatic accomplishments, with a very little alteration, as a boat might have conveyed the *Count* and *Countess* as well as a coach to a gaol, which, long as they have been in Palermo, they do not know from a nobleman's castle. BLANCHARD has been used very ill in a trifling part, whose duty it is to speak to give JONES a cue for a joke; BARNES should have played it, and Mr. HORRIBOW, (or *horrid-beau*, they are synonymous) the *under-gaoler*. ABBOTT as *Colonel*, was quite regimental; all the duty was done by the brace of officers; the *Colonel* merely wore his uniform and looked on—EGERTON as *Stefans*, by his robust manner and strength of lungs, reminded us of the French Achilles who could lift eighteen hundred weight! certainly Egerton is a powerful actor.

Really we were sorry that *Lorenzo* (who said he would have been a great man if he had had a chance, and we may as well believe him) was bound to *Victoria*; she did not deserve him; she never even swore an oath that she would be his and only his: but "like an echo" responded most dutifully what her parents said, and probably, like *Lorenzo's* regimentals on a long campaign, was turned and turned again" by the breath of her father and mother, until at last she was screwed to

the "sticking place" by *Lorenzo* assured worth in hard cash: then she unclenched her lily hand and said "yes!" Now we like disinterested love on the stage, as we admire *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* over the mantle-piece. Mrs. DAVENPORT was as virago-like as a satin petticoat would permit her, and made the most of the *Countess*, which is but another titled *Debora Dowlas*. Miss LOVE has nothing to do, therefore does any thing; she sings a song, and most gracefully exposes her ankle in a waltz to the song. Miss TREE refused this part,—Miss TREE did right.

The "Comedy" has had a good run, but if *this* is a "comedy" what are the "*Rivals*" and the "*School for Scandal*."

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"Once more upon the water, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed
That knows his rider!"—

So breathed the spirit of *Childe Harold*, and so might Mr. MATHEWS say or sing of himself, when riding on his living bark of merriment, upon the fresh sea of popular favour, freely springing from the sand, (we intend no play upon the word,) which the conscientious waters of applause quickened him into life, and the "sea of heads," as he himself calls them, in the pit, acknowledged his dominion and greeted the exhilarating master; "oh! how I envied his feelings!"

To descend from rhapsody, to the unromantic tenor of matter of fact, Mr. MATHEWS is again before the public, with his annual lecture on peculiarities, character, &c., and has been welcomed with enthusiasm, and full houses. We will honestly confess to a partiality for the *English Opera*; there is not that preponderous quality of enjoyment, which is exercised in

the larger theatres, and which, like the excellence of Dr. Johnson, is too vivid and powerful for the sensitive faculties; but there is an air of good-nature and familiarity, round the circle of its power, that every one appears to sit, and feel himself, like Mr. MATHEWS, "at home" there. Thus much for the temple we must now say something for the orgies. Mr. M. commences by stating that since he was "at home" he has been "abroad," on a visit to America, instigated, like Columbus, by the yellow fever, or a fever for gold; and then proceeds to enter into the usual description of travelling adventures, embarkation in the steam-boat, and final landing at *Hoboken*. We are then progressively introduced to his American hosts, and a great deal of very humorous incidents, and satirical description ensues. But if Mr. MATHEWS is a satirist, he is at least a good-natured one, and has by no means given a prejudiced picture of the American character. He laughs with us at their foibles, as he has probably made them laugh at ours; though he certainly places them in no eminent point of view as to civilization. This however is but the consistency of his portraits, as he affords us but one or two specimens of polite society in America. At New Brunswick, Mr. M. falls in with some English visitors, *Jack Topham*, a votary of Joe Miller, just arrived at years of indiscretion, and his cousin *Bray*, who laughs at every worn-out joke, declares "the boy will kill him," and that "he never heard that afore." This personage is rendered infinitely amusing, which is not lessened by a single temptation to have a joke of his own. He assures Mr. MATHEWS, that the steam-boat which carries them to New York, reminds him of the British Museum;

and on being asked why,—“ Oh, I don't know why, *but it does.*” We next meet with *Mr. Ravenlop*, a very melancholy advocate of native north, a *Major Grimstone*, and *Mr. Pennington*, a sensitive declaimer upon the moral state of the new world, and a reprovcr of our English tourists. These, however, are exceeded by a specimen of negro tragedy, in the soliloquy of *Hamlet*, and the succeeding melody—“ Opossum up a green tree.” But the “ *Militia Muster Folk*” is an admirable satire on American fields fights, and is one of the best things of the evening. A *Jonathan W. Doubikin*, a real Yankee, and his account of *Uncle Ben*, are next introduced to us, and the peculiarities and diversity of manner, are inimitably retained. There is a joke here which may be worth recording. *Jonathan* tells us that *Uncle Ben* was followed by a pack of children, vociferating “ *Uncle Ben, the devil's dead*”—upon which he turned round, and cried “ *poor fatherless children!*” The public dinner to *General Jackson*, and the French Poet Laureat, is a rich scrap, as is the scene at Boston Post Office, with *Monsieur Mallet*; and the charge to the jury of the *German Judge*, is *MATHEWS* in the fullness of his excellence. The third part consists of a monopolylogue, called “ *All well at Natchitaches*; and the six characters which comprize it, are certainly well embodied by *Mr. MATHEWS*. The incidents of the piece is a struggle for the hand of *Miss Manglewurzle*, a Dutch heiress, but *Mr. O'Sullivan* prevails against his rivals, amongst whom a *Mons. Capot*, a French emigrant tailor, and *Colonel Hiram Pegler*, a Kentucky Shoemaker, are divertingly inimical to each other. Upon the whole, if these entertainments are not equal to

some of *Mr. MATHEWS'* former productions, there is a great deal to amuse, and little to offend. Of this last is an unusual degree of sentimental digression, which really comes with a bad grace from *Mr. M.* as it previously appears a part of the joke, at which we have been laughing, perhaps the moment before. The songs, too, have nothing of the spirit which characterized his former lyrical effusions, but the entertainment, “with all its imperfections on its head,” afforded the highest satisfaction to the visitors of this extraordinary actor.

MR. BARTLEY.

The *Lectures on Astronomy* continue to excite a full share of interest, among the amusements of the season. The very equal and efficient manner in which *Mr. BARTLEY* delivers his discourse on this magnificent, and important subject, contributes greatly to the effect, which it creates upon very fashionable audiences.

SURREY THEATRE.

The benefits at this theatre have followed each other so rapidly, and the changes have been so numerous, that we cannot attempt to follow them through their various gradations: they have been more or less successful. The theatre will soon close, after (we should imagine) a very prosperous season. If there is any irregularity (or, in the present system of our minor theatres, *regularity*) as to the pecuniary resources of the treasury, it must result from mismanagement, for the theatre has been more than usually successful during the season.

COBURG THEATRE.

The mutability of human affairs has been seldom better exemplified than in the fluctuations and prosperity of this place of amusement. We can refer to the time when, under the auspices of Mr. T. P. COOKE, and aided by Miss TAYLOR, and HUNTLEY, the theatre ranked, perhaps the first of the kind, and was always well and even fashionably attended. Of these powerful agents of its success, the first has ascended to a sphere, where we may hope he will long remain; the second has become weary of her state of single blessedness and has left us to struggle as we may without her; and the third—aye, where is HUNTLEY? wrestling we fear with those calamities, which *Hamlet* tells us we are heirs to by nature; bowed down by suffering, and utterly impatient of his “good company, the gout, and stone.” We will, nevertheless, hope to see him again restored to the melodramatists of the day, who can really do nothing without him.

The benefits have had a very lengthened career, and some of them have been very well attended. We have had BRADLEY upon Napoleon's charger; What, as Napoleon's groom?—no, as Napoleon Buonaparte *himself*! The affair is too ridiculous to admit of chastisement. BRADLEY, the cut-throat of the Coburg, seizing the godhead of modern times, and modelling forth a living likeness of its master-spirit. We may expect selections from *Manfred*, with annotations, or lectures on philosophy, or any thing else, about which Mr. BRADLEY knows as much as a wild Indian. By the bye, we were exceedingly amused by an accidental glance at BLANCHARD's bill, which extends itself to an alarming length, although, like the genius which fashioned it, it has no corresponding breadth. It announces

his benefit, and is burthened with the usual accompaniments of “by particular desire,” and “for this night only” gathering all the marvels of the earth into its little circle; when in a particular part of the sybil page, appears a paragraph of the most ludicrous kind. Mr. B. after enumerating the novelties he has obtained, seriously “begs his friends will point out to him any futher wonderment which may be deemed eligible for the occasion, and no expence shall be spared,” &c. &c. As no one else has taken up the gauntlet, and as we do not profess to be among the enemies of Mr. B., we will candidly assure him that there is yet one thing to be done; and unless he can prevail upon Mr. IRVING to deliver an Oration, with elucidatory parts by Mr. SLOMAN, the thing will be mere gaggery. We have not space to say more of Mr. BLANCHARD, his day of triumph is gone by, notwithstanding his elevation to the conflicts of the *Cataract*! as *Edgar* has said before us, “let him trot by.”

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This theatre has been opened during the Lent season, on Wednesday, and Friday evenings, with a new and diversified entertainment by Mr. HENRY, the first part of which consists of some very clever transpositions, and “mighty magic,” preceded by a short address upon the unpleasant effects of conjuration in the earlier days, and the harmless enjoyment which results from it in these. Mr. H. has one great advantage over his brethren of the mystical art; he has a happy mode of explaining away any little irregularity, and of heightening effect, by a well-imed observation, of which there is no dearth; he persuades almost as much as he convinces. His expe-

riments on gas are perhaps the least interesting part of the entertainment, but his performance on the musical glasses, is that of the most pleasing kind; and some optical illusions, which conclude the amusements, excite a good deal of merriment; amongst these, are good likenesses of several popular performers. Mr. HENRY's entertainment has been extremely well attended, and we doubt not has been visited by a corresponding stimulus to future exertion.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Amongst the various novelties lately introduced to enliven the metropolis, we have to remark an agreeable entertainment produced at the above theatre, which has been known on the Continent, and united states of America, as the *Petit Lazari de Paris*, procuring for its inventors Messrs. MAFFEY,

the most distinguished reputation for skill in mechanism.

Their spectacle, as they denominate it, consists of pantomimes, ballets, enacted by Antamatons, whose ability in performing the human functions, surpasses credibility! we particularly refer to the Harlequin who eats, drinks, extinguishes, and relights candles, and to a figure which undresses and resumes its attire! the scenery is beautiful, and the dresses splendid, we can assure our readers, should they desire a pleasant evening's amusement, they will not find a more agreeable opportunity than at this theatre on the present Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent.

Mr. TESTOT the French Juggler, between the acts, gives some admirable proofs of dexterity with balls, swords, and cylinders, and Mr. GEORGIANNA in his balancing is almost unparalled.

Theatrical Chit Chat.

A NOBLE LORD CASTIGATED.—In another part of our number will be seen an account of the would be amorous intrusions of my LORD LENNOX, whose Patrician face was not sufficiently armed in nobility against the pugnacious visitation of the *Plebeian* fist of a gentleman. This titled spark is, we know, in constant attendance at Covent-Garden and other theatres: actresses are imagined fair game, by these "Ha! ha!" sprigs of nobility; but we trust his lordship will take care in future, that in hunting on manors only to be entered through a ring fence, he is not caught by a man trap. The profligacy of a few women is not to be constrewed into a general abandonment of propriety by every female on the stage. Young dogs should be corrected, for though the tricks of the puppy may excite contempt they are not always secured against

chastisement. His lordship this time has only been wormed; we trust he will not risk cropped ears, and abridged tail.

Mr. SLOMAN.—Some wag has spread a report that the above eccentric genius is engaged by Mr. ARNOLD, for the English Opera House! We do not believe it, unless Mons. LONGUEMARE, purports to exhibit, and a jester to the rope is deemed necessary. The harmless buffoonery of the Coburg Aristophanes might turn to some account in this way; but if devoted to the personation of characters, heretofore the case of actors, we hope Mr. S. will be invested with as much apathy as lack of talent! for folks will judge, and critics will write, verily this Lambeth "swan will turn out a gander." However, if this personage is engaged, as the *Clown* says to *Cleopatra*, we say to Mr. ARNOLD, "we wish him joy of the worm."





MISS LOVE as MIRZA,
in the
Spirits of the Moon.

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